Northern Messenger

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Gibraltar.

(Buffalo 'Express.')

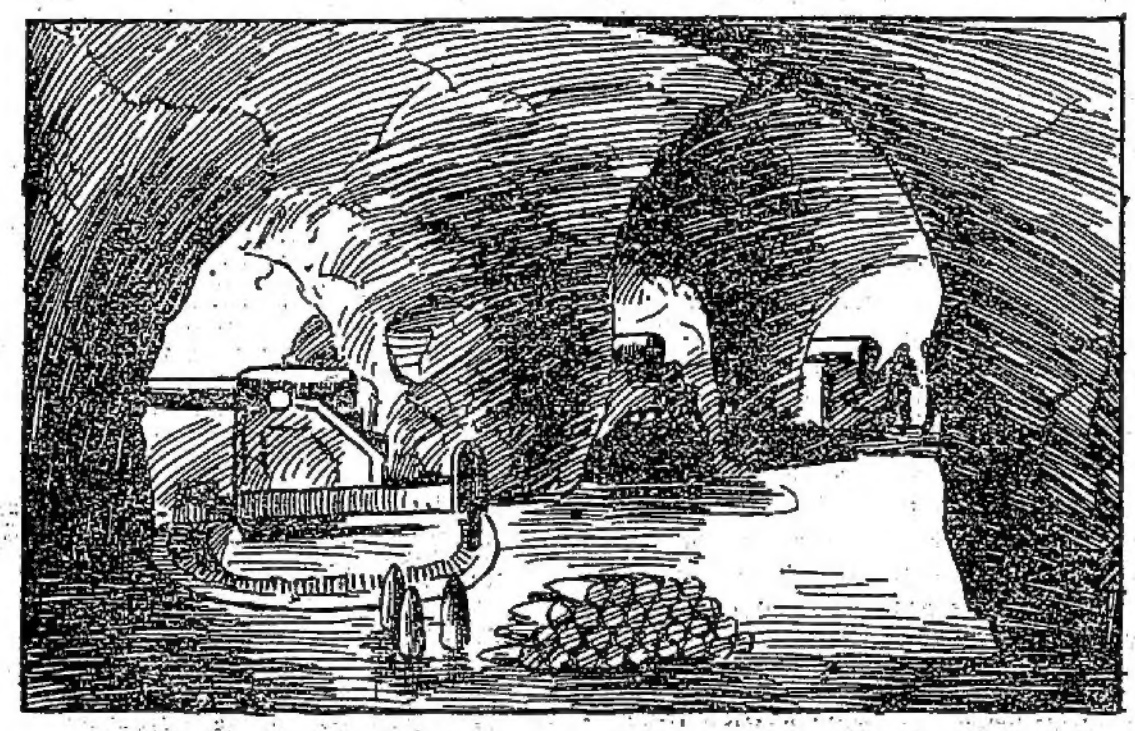
When people wish to give the idea of a grim, defiant, monitory, impregnable fortress, or seat of power, they call it a 'Gibraltar.' Halifax, with its powerful defences and armament, is called the 'Gibraltar' of America.' There is something mighty in the sound of the word. This is because the British have kept Gibraltar for nearly two hundred years, holding it as a rod above the Mediterranean, and defying all attempts to wrest it away.

Gibraltar is the southern promontory of Spain, an outlying rock, hanging directly southward from the province of Andalusia by a low, sandy strip of land. To the west of the strip or isthmus is the Bay of Gibraltar, with the Spanish town of Algeciras on its western shore. To the east of the isthmus is the Mediterranean. Gibraltar forms one of the gateposts of the Mediterranean, the other gatepost being the rock of Ceuta, in Africa, now held by Spain, Ceuta (of old Abyla) and Gibraltar (Calpe) were the two pillars of Hercules, which the ancients considered the western boundary of the earth. You can see the emblematic representations of these pillars to-day on the coins of Spain; they also appear on the old 'pillar dollar,' the Spanish colonial or Mexican coin, famous in freebooter history as the 'piece of eight.' But in fact one of the

GIBRALTAR BATTERIES.

pillars was torn from Spain long ago; and to be truthful, the Spanish coins would bear only one symbolical pillar, instead of two.

In 1704 the British took Gibraltar from Spain, during the war of the Spanish Succession, and they have retained it ever since, as the key to the Mediterranean, and have fortified it so that it is supposed to be impregnable. It was formally ceded to Great Britain in 1713. In 1727 it was besieged again, and from 1779 to 1783 the French and Spaniards (then for a time our allies) blockaded it once more, when it made one of the most obstinate and heroic defences recorded in history. Since then England's enemies have let Gibraltar alone. The work of constructing new defences in the rock, or of perfecting the old ones, is supposed to go on continually. The visitor is allowed to see only a part of the fortifications, but it is known that in tunnels of the rock and masked behind shrubs and



INTERIOR OF BATTERIES.

other disguises there are guns innumerable. The Strait of Gibraltar is fifteen miles wide, and no cannon can command it all; but the position of Gibraltar, so near the meeting point of Mediterranean and Atlantic, is of vast strategic importance. In the old days of sailing ships, Gibraltar was practically able, in most cases, to bar the passage of the strait to an enemy's squadron.

Gibraltar has been compared in appearance, to a couchant lion, looking across the waters. It is a rock 1,440 feet high, almost perpendicular on the south and east, and sloping and accessible on the north and west only. On the north and west the fortifications are specially elaborate. The rock is a mass of limestone, honeycombed by caves and pierced by military tunnels. The town lies on the north-western slope, facing Algeciras across the bay. It has a population of about 20,000, besides the garrison that England always keeps there. Its position makes it a depot of Spanish and Moorish products intended for Great Britain.

The rock of Gibraltar, which has so large a place in history and is so impressive of British power, is less than two square miles in area. It is a crown colony, and the governor is the commander-in-chief of the British garrison. The town of Gibraltar is under military regulations. The gates are closed at sunset, and patrols traverse the streets. The governor exercises all the functions of government and legislation. The garrison numbers 5,000. The home government makes no contribution to the support of the colony, which maintains itself by port dues, rents, excise, etc. To all intents and purposes, Gibraltar might be an island instead of a little peninsula of Spain. It is a naval base of great strength. Work upon the harbor and naval establishment is going on all the time. A deep harbor of 260 acres is being formed, and for the new dockyard some 50 acres of waste space have been reclaimed. The harbor will be made secure against torpedo attack.

During the Spanish-American war, the Spaniards began to mount new guns at Algeciras, threatening the bay and Gibraltar. British sympathy for the Americans evidently was the cause of this expression of feeling on the part of the Spaniards. Great Britain at once protested against a continuance of the work at Algeciras, and the armament stopped.

The bizarre mixture of nationalities is one of the curiosities of Gibraltar. Another is its batteries. There are water batteries, protected by submerged embankments almost level with the surface of the sea. There are masked batteries armed with guns of 38 tons and even bigger, moved by hydraulic gear carefully buried underground. There are batteries ranged in three galleries hollowed out of the rock, the highest more than two hundred yards above the water. The value of these last batteries is doubtful, because of the discomforts and hindrances incidental to serving them. But the 'old woman's teeth,' as the Spaniards call the cannon, have an impressive effect when their mouths are perceived from the foot of the mountain.

Life at Gibraltar is not delightful. The climate is disagreeable and the sensation of living all the time under a state of siege soon becomes wearisome. But Gibraltar is one of the most picturesque places in all the world.

Dr. Cuyler's Talk to Princeton College Men.

(Notes of a talk given by Dr. Theodore L. Cuyler to the students of Princeton University.)

Make a life. Do not simply make a living. We have a solemn responsibility. Daniel Webster said the greatest thought that ever entered his mind was his responsibility to God. Our duty is that of a witness. Cases are often ruled out of court on account of poor witnessing. Our character must stand inspection. It is what you are, more than what you say.

The sermon which has the most influence is the one that walks in your shoes. We must be regenerated by the Holy Spirit. The seat of one's character is in the heart. Many people regard the Christian life as something that will take them safely to heaven. It is as if they were on the right train, with tickets purchased to their destination. A Christian life is both a march and a battle. We are enlisted for a campaign that has no end. Christian character has got to shine out. The world must see at a glance what you are. May Jesus Christ be visible in each one of us!

'Well,' some one says, 'I am not so sure that I am a Christian.' Everyone must settle that before he does any thing else. Don't rest on church membership as a guarantee that you are saved. The simple question is: Can I trust Jesus Christ for my salvation? Faith is strengthened by exercise. Start out every day with the thought, What can I do for Jesus Christ to-day? I am to influence others by my own character. Cease from man. Revive yourself. To do this, great cleanliness, both of soul and body, is necessary. Bar the heart-door right up. It is easier to keep clean than to get clean. Be careful as to what books you read and what thoughts you harbor. Keep thyself pure. The total abstinence pledge is very helpful. I have found it so. I would advise you to take the pledge. Bodily health must be looked after. It is just as obligatory to look after the body as after the soul. I have been in the gospel ministry fifty-one years, and not a Sabbath have I spent in bed. I have looked after my health.

More of the religion of conscience is wanted. It is just now at a premium. A sensitive conscience is very essential. It ought to be like the needle of the compass, which always points the same way, unless there be something in the immediate vicinity to deflect it. When doubtful as to which course to take, give conscience the casting vote. Read the bible. No one ever went astray who followed the instructions of the bible and of his conscience. Conscience is the voice of God in the human soul. There is infinite joy in being on the right side.

The other evening I shook hands with the heroic Nansen. He endured great hardships for the sake of a geographical truth. What have you ever borne for Christ? We ought to have a similar purpose to glorify Jesus. A grander crown than earth can ever bestow upon her successful ones awaits us, who are faithful, in the glory land. May the Lord give us a holy courage! The besetting sin of this age is moral cowardice. —'Evangelical Churchman.'

The Find-the-Place Almanac.

TEXTS IN DEUTERONOMY.

May 13, Sun.—The Sabbath of the Lord thy God.

May 14, Mon.—The Lord thy God commanded thee to keep the Sabbath day.

May 15, Tues.—Honor thy father and thy mother.

May 16, Wed.—Keep all my commandments always.

May 17, Thurs.—Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thine heart and with all thy soul and with all thy might.

May 18, Fri.—Beware lest thou forget the Lord.

May 19, Sat.—Ye shall not tempt the Lord your God.

Indian Famine Fund.

The following is copied from the 'Weekly Witness' of April 17:—

INDIAN FAMINE FUND.

Undesignated:

Previously acknowledged		$520.32
A Friend, City		.50
A Friend, Chateauguay Basin		1.00
John Anderson, sr.		5.00
Ever Admiring Reader, Aylmer		5.00
Mrs. J. T. W.		5.00
John Wilson		1.00
Sympathizers, Armstrong, B.C.		25.00
A. H. Farnsworth		10.00
Chaddie Brenner		1.00
Collected from Danville Congregational Junior C. E. Society by Mrs. W. H. Stockwell		4.00
Mrs. Richard Stone		2.00
J. B. M. Lachine		1.02
James Wilson		25.00
Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Cowper		3.00
Robbie Castello		2.00
T. Riley		6.00
A Friend, Sydney, C.B.		1.00
A Friend, Mount Uniacke, N.S.		1.00
Mrs. J. Dodd		1.50
W. P.		5.00
A Friend, City		2.00
Friend, City		5.00
C. T. H. and W. M. H.		5.00
R. E. Hall		1.00
I. E. B.		1.00
A Friend, Soule, Mich.		1.00
H. W. Cox Smith		1.00
Mrs. Hugh Blair		.50
Dady		1.00
Boysie		1.00
John Tremain		1.00
Mrs. David Hall		1.00
Mrs. John Blair		1.00
Ella Ferris		2.00
D. M. Ballard		2.00
Mrs. H. Shorey		25.00
X. Y Z.		3.00
A Thank Offering		1.00
Mrs. A. McPherson		.50
G. A. Eaton		10.00
Donore Sunday-school		9.00
Zion Sunday-school, Scotland, Ont.		2.50
Hickson (Ont.) Public School		4.00
Mrs. J. Ellis		2.50
For Jesus's Sake		5.00
A. R. Trueman		2.00
St. Roch's (Quebec) Baptist Sunday-school (French)		3.00
Etta Wilkins		2.00
Lummis		2.25
Miss H. Brash		1.00
Collected by Mrs. J. W. Bowes, Carleton Place, Ont.:		
Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Bowes	$5.00	
Sarah H. Burns	5.00	
John Robertson	1.00	
Thiopo and Cecilia Bowes	1.00	
Jennie Cowan	.50	
		12.50
Urkah Johnson		1.00
E.H.		5.00
Mrs. William S. Hogg		1.00
Mrs. H. H. Hogg		1.00
A Sympathizer		1.00
Joseph Elmes		2.00
Log Lake		2.00
From Friends, per G. M. McM.		5.00
A Friend, Michigamine		5.00
Ladies' Aid Society of Dunham, Que., Methodist Church		15.00
For the Hungry		5.00
Riverbank, Man., S.S.		10.00
B. M. D.		1.00
A Friend, Shanly		2.00
Fred. Bruce Horn		1.00
Sent by Rev. E. W. Crane, Athens Ont.—		
A Friend	$1.00	
Mrs. S. Stone	1.00	
Mrs. S. Moore	1.00	
Mrs. L. Lamb	1.00	
	4.00	
Less charges, etc.	.07	
		3.93
M. H. P.		1.00
John Hewton		5.00
Mrs. L. P. Wonham		5.00
Donald Sinclair		5.00
W. J. Hunt		5.00
Union Sunday-school, Anderdon, per John Waters, supt.		3.20
Union Sunday-school, No. 2, Malden, Ont., per A. M. Atkinson, sec.-treas.		2.67
Women's Christian Temperance Union of Cardinal, Ont., per Mrs. Thomas Cleland, treas.		70.00
Bessie Stewart		.50
Wilbert Stewart		1.00
Rev. D. J. Scott		.50
Collected by William Keeping and Embert Penny, Murray Harbor, South and White Sands, P.E.I.—		
Gavin Murdock	.50	
W. H. Bull	.50	
R. Herbert Moore	.50	
A. P. Prowse	5.00	
W. H. Prowse	5.00	
J. R. Baily	.25	
Morgan King	.25	
Elizabeth Hawkins	.50	
A. B. Smith	.25	
Mrs. Senator Prowse	5.00	
Richard Murley	1.00	
William Byrne	.50	
Neil McKay	1.00	
John Le Lacheur	1.00	
John Nicolle	.25	
John S. Livingstone	.25	
David Bull	.25	
Alex. Van Iderstine	.25	
Rev. E. Gillis	1.00	
Rev. W. C. Matthews	1.00	
Josiah Roberts	1.00	
Vere White	.25	
Philip Strickland	.25	
John McKinnon	.50	
William Sharam	1.00	
Joseph White	.50	
I. R. Prowse	.25	
John Herring	.50	
Flora C. McPhee	.25	
Katie Shaw	.50	
Nina Lowther	.25	
Samuel Beck	.50	
George Beck	.50	
Mrs. Thomas Roberts	.25	
Mrs. G. Billard	.20	
A Friend	.25	
William Harris	2.00	
Mark Sencabaugh	.25	
William Reynolds	.25	
Hugh Jackson	.25	
David Reynolds	.25	
Mrs. Chapman	.50	
Hedley Penny	.25	
Mrs. L. McLeod	.25	
Isabell Penny	.20	
Hector Penny	.25	
Mrs. Hector Penny	.25	
Fletcher Jordan	.25	
Benjamin Jordan	.25	
Mrs. Joshua Jordan	.50	
Mrs. Oliver White	.25	
George McLeod	.25	
Isaac Stewart	.50	
Silas Sencabaugh	.25	
Reuben Cahoon	1.00	
Samuel Penny	.25	
John Cahoon	.25	
William Irving	.30	
William Penny	.25	
Ernest Penny	.50	
Reuben Penny	.25	
Mrs. W. S. Hugh	.50	
David Hugh	.50	
Arch. McDonald	.25	
Mark Roberts	.50	
George Roberts	.50	
A. W. Clements	.50	
Mrs. John Hanley	.50	
Mrs. Henry Machon	.50	
Mrs. Benjamin Sencabaugh	.50	
Benj. Sencabaugh	.50	
David Brehaut	.50	
Freeman Reynolds	.50	
Mrs. John Herring	.50	
John Herring	.50	
Benjamin Penny	.30	
James Penny	.25	
Albert Jordan	.32	
Mrs. F. A. Herring	.25	
Alex. Bell	.30	
William Herring	.50	
William Horton	.40	
Benjamin Herring	.50	
Annie McLeod	.30	
John Hyde	.50	
John Cowan	1.00	
James Le Lacheur	.50	
William Keeping	1.00	
James Robinson	.25	
Charles Brehaut	.25	
Ernest Brehaut	.25	
Mrs. Henry J. Brehaut	.25	
David Brooks	1.00	
Mrs. Thos. Clements	1.00	
Benjamin Beck	.25	
John Johnston	.25	
James Bell, jr.	1.00	
Mrs. Daniel Brehaut	.25	
Henry Jordan	.25	
Mrs. Howard Mackay	.25	
John Bishop	.20	
Perley Harris	.25	
Fred. White	.25	
Charles Brooks	.50	
Ira Machon	.25	
James Nicolle	.50	
W. L. Machon	.50	
John T. Nicolle	.50	
George H. Brehaut	.50	
Henry Brehaut	.50	
William Beck	.55	
Joseph Brehaut	.25	
John Hawkins	.50	
E. S. Harris	.10	
William Howe	.50	
Henry Sencabaugh	.25	
John E. Winsloe	.50	
Barth Le Lacheur	1.50	
Charles Le Lacheur	1.00	
J. J. Robin	.50	
Reuben Machon	.50	
Thomas Davey	.50	
Charles Machon	.50	
A. D. McDonald	50	
Herbert Brehaut	.25	
Thomas S. Brehaut	.25	
Miss Maggie Sencabaugh	.25	
Henry F. Penny	.25	
Embert Penny	.25	
	$71.92	
Less charges, etc	.32	
		71.60
		$907.49

INDIAN FAMINE FUND.

Christian Alliance Mission in Gujerat.

Previously acknowledged		$980.46
Union Sunday school of school section No. 11, Enniskillen, Lambton County, Ont., per Walter Clark, superintendent		5.00
James Blair		23.00
Fergus, Ont., Congregational Ch., Sunday school		3.00
		$1,011.46
Part of undesignated amounts		171.49
		$1,185.95

BOYS AND GIRLS

Black Rock.

(A tale of the Selkirks, by Ralph Connor.)

CHAPTER XIII.—Continued.

In vain Nelson warned and pleaded. The reaction from the monotony and poverty of camp life to the excitement and luxury of the San Francisco gaming palaces swung Graeme quite off his feet, and all that Nelson could do was to follow from place to place and keep watch.

'And there he would sit,' said Graeme in a hard, bitter voice, 'waiting and watching often till the grey morning light, while my madness held me fast to the table. One night,' here he paused a moment, put his face in his hands and shuddered; but quickly he was master of himself again, and went on in the same hard voice—'One night my partner and I were playing two men who had done us up before. I knew they were cheating, but could not detect them. Game after game they won, till I was furious at my stupidity in not being able to catch them. Happening to glance at Nelson in the corner, I caught a meaning look, and looking again, he threw me a signal. I knew at once what the fraud was, and next game charged the fellow with it. He gave me the lie; I struck his mouth, but before I could draw my gun, his partner had me by the arms. What followed I hardly know. While I was struggling to get free, I saw him reach for his weapon; but as he drew it, Nelson sprang across the table, and bore him down. When the row was over, three men lay on the floor. One was Nelson; he took the shot meant for me.'

Again the story paused.

'And the man that shot him?'

I started at the intense fierceness in the voice, and, looking upon the girl, saw her eyes blazing with a terrible light.

'He is dead,' answered Graeme indifferently.

'You killed him?' she asked eagerly.

Graeme looked at her curiously, and answered slowly—

'I did not mean to. He came at me. I struck him harder than I knew. He never moved.'

She drew a sigh of satisfaction, and waited.

'I got him to a private ward, had the best doctor in the city, and sent for Craig to Victoria. For three days we thought he would live—he was keen to get home; but by the time Craig came we had given up hope. Oh, but I was thankful to see Craig come in, and the joy in the old man's eyes was beautiful to see. There was no pain at last, and no fear. He would not allow me to reproach myself, saying over and over, "You would have done the same for me"—as I would, fast enough—"and it is better me than you. I am old and done; you will do much good yet for the boys." And he kept looking at me till I could only promise to do my best.

'But I am glad I told you how much good he had done for me during the last year, for he seemed to think that too good to be true. And when Craig told him how he had helped the boys in the camp, and how Sandy and Baptiste and the Campbells would always be better men for his life among them, the old man's face actually shone, as if light were coming through. And with surprise and joy he kept on saying, "Do you think so? Do you think so? Perhaps so, perhaps so." At the last he talked of Christmas night at the camp. You were there, you remember. Craig had been holding a service, and something happened, I don't know what, but they both knew.'

'I know,' I said, and I saw again the picture of the old man under the pine, upon his knees in the snow, with his face turned up to the stars.

'Whatever it was, it was in his mind at the very last, and I can never forget his face as he turned it to Craig. "One hears of such things; I had often, but had never put much faith in them; but joy, rapture, triumph, these are what were in his face, as he said, his breath coming short, "You said—He wouldn't—fail me—you were right—not once—not once—He stuck to me—I'm glad he told me—thank God—for you—you showed—me—I'll see Him—and—tell Him ——" And Craig, kneeling beside him so steady—I was behaving like a fool—smiled down through his streaming tears into the dim eyes so brightly, till they could see no more. Thank him for that! He helped the old man through, and he helped me too, that night, thank God!" And Graeme's voice, hard till now, broke in a sob.

He had forgotten us, and was back beside his passing friend and all his self-control could not keep back the flowing tears.

'It was his life for mine,' he said huskily.

The brother and sister were quietly weeping, but spoke no word, though I knew Graeme was waiting for them.

I took up the word, and told of what I had known of Nelson, and his influence upon the men of Black Rock. They listened eagerly enough, but still without speaking. There seemed nothing to say, till I suggested to Graeme that he must get some rest. Then the girl turned to him, and impulsively putting out her hand, said—

'Oh, it is all so sad; but how can we ever thank you?'

'Thank me!' gasped Graeme. 'Can you forgive me? I brought him to his death.'

'No, no! You must not say so,' she answered hurriedly. 'You would have done the same for him.'

'God knows I would,' said Graeme earnestly; 'and God bless you for your words!' And I was thankful to see the tears start in his dry, burning eyes.

We carried him to the old home in the country, that he might lie by the side of the wife he had loved and wronged. A few friends met us at the station, and followed in sad procession along the country road, that wound past farms and through woods, and at last up to the ascent where the quaint, old wooden church, black with the rains and snows of many years, stood among its silent graves. The little graveyard sloped gently towards the setting sun, and from it one could see, far on every side, the fields of grain and meadowland that wandered off over softly undulating hills to meet the maple woods at the horizon, dark, green and cool. Here and there white farmhouses, with great barns standing near, looked out from clustering orchards.

Up the grass-grown walk, and through the crowding mounds, over which waves, uncut, the long, tangling grass, we bear our friend, and let him gently down into the kindly bosom of mother earth, moist and warm. The sound of a distant cowbell mingles with the voice of the last prayer; the clods drop heavily with heart-startling echo; the mound is heaped and shaped by kindly friends, sharing with one another the task; the long rough sods are laid over and patted into place; the old minister takes farewell in a few words of gentle sympathy; the brother and sister, with lingering looks at the two graves side by side, the old and the new, step into the farmer's carriage, and drive away; the sexton locks the gate and goes home, and we are left outside alone.

Then we went back and stood by Nelson's grave.

After a long silence Graeme spoke.

'Connor, he did not grudge his life to me—and I think'—and here the words came slowly—'I understand now what that means, "Who loved me and gave Himself for me."'

Then taking off his hat, he said reverently, 'By God's help Nelson's life shall not end, but shall go on. Yes, old man!' looking down upon the grave, 'I'm with you.'; and lifting up his face to the calm sky, 'God help me to be true.'

Then he turned and walked briskly away, as one might who had pressing business, or as soldiers march from a comrade's grave to a merry tune, not that they have forgotten, but they have still to fight.

And this was the way old man Nelson came home.

(To be Continued.)

Newman Hall's Mother.

There are many instances recorded of persons, seemingly at the point of death, being restored in answer to prayer. Rev. Newman Hall records the following: 'My father, the author of "The Sinner's Friend," narrates in his autobiography a circumstance which he often used to speak of with great emotion. My mother was very ill, and apparently dying. The doctor said that now, if at all, the children might be brought to her to look at them once more. One by one we were brought to the bedside, and her hands were placed on our heads. Then my father bade her farewell, and she lay motionless as if to breathe her last. He then said to himself, "There is yet one promise I have not pleaded: If ye ask anything in My name I will do it.' He stepped aside, and fervently exclaimed, "O Lord, for the honor of Thy deaf Son, give me the life of my wife!" He could say no more, and sank down exhausted. Just then the nurse called him to the bedside, saying, "She has opened her mouth again as if for food." Nourishment was given, and from that time she began to recover. The doctor said it was miraculous. My father said it was God, who had heard his prayer.'

The Effects of Prayer.

Lord, what a change within us one short hour
Spent in Thy presence will prevail to make,
What heavy burdens from our bosoms take,
What parched grounds revive as with a shower!
We kneel, and all around us seems to lower;
We rise, and all, the distant and the near,
Stands forth a sunny outline brave and clear.
We kneel, how weak! We rise, how full of power!
Why, wherefore should we do ourselves this wrong,
Or others, that we are not always strong;
That we are ever overborne with care,
That we should ever weak or heartless be,
Anxious or troubled, when with us is prayer,
And joy, and strength, and courage are with Thee?

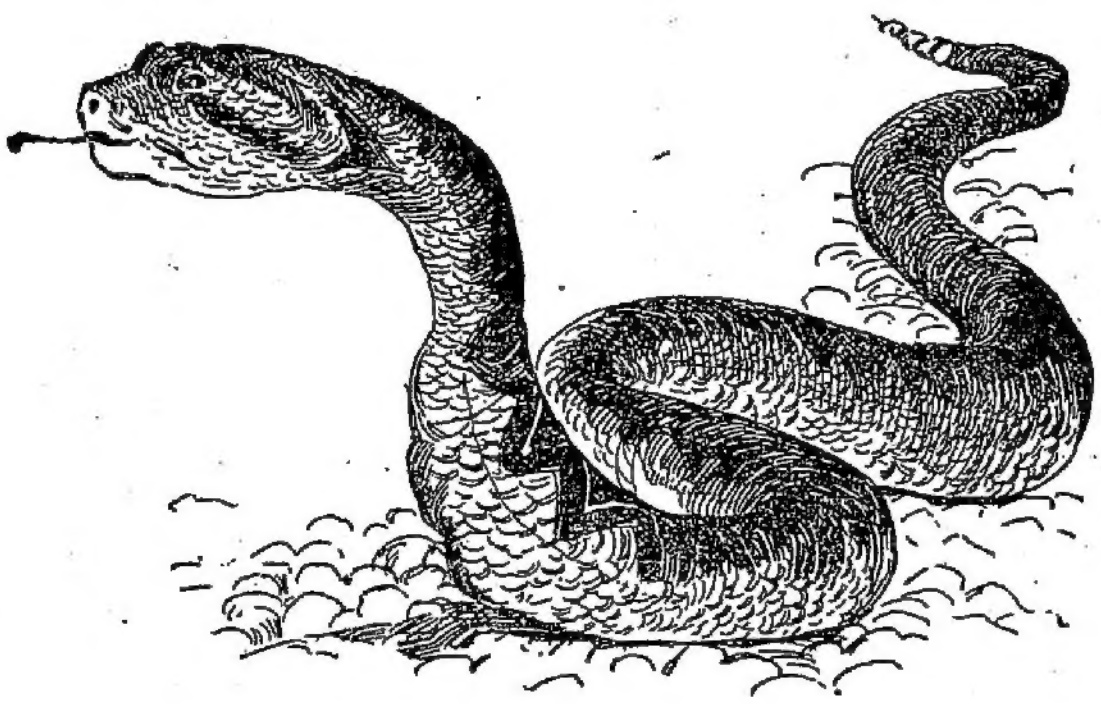
—Richard Chevenix Trench, D.D.

Snakes at Their Meals.

(By the Rev. John Isabell, author of 'Wonderland Wonders,' etc.)

Snakes have no limbs, and, therefore, at first sight appear ill endowed with appliances to reach and hold living prey. As a matter of fact, they suffer no disadvantage from the lack of legs, for all their ribs—and some snakes have as many as three hundred pairs—serve as legs, enabling them to progress with great rapidity; while their mouths are most effective machines for grasping and killing.

If all the species of snakes on the face of the earth could be gathered together in one banquetting hall, the bill of fare would have to be long and carefully prepared; for these strange creatures have widely different tastes, and are by no means ready to eat whatever is set before them. A vegetarian feast would cause them all to leave the table, for among the hundreds of kinds of snakes in existence not one has a liking for vegetables. They are all flesh-eaters, and the fresher their victuals are the better they like them. Self-help is the motto of a snake



AFTER HIS MEAL

and, therefore, whenever it feels hungry, whether its favorite food be insects, slugs or worms, new-laid eggs, rats or rabbits, frogs or fishes, mice or dogs, squirrels or snakes, it acts as its own butcher and helps itself liberally.

Although they lack limbs, snakes are extremely 'handy' in seizing their prey with their teeth and with their bodies. Some of the pythons, for instance, are as adept as a juggler, managing three living birds at the same moment, by holding one in the mouth, securing another with a coil of the body, and placing the tail on the third.

The so-called constrictors, which include the boas and the pythons, do not possess poison fangs, and kill their prey by encircling them with their lithe bodies, and constricting or squeezing them to death. One of the American constrictors, known as the Racer, feeds on the dreaded rattle-snake. It has been seen to seize its victim with lightning-like rapidity, and, twisting a coil of its body around each end of the rattlesnake, to stretch itself out, and pull it into halves as if it were a bit of thread.

The poisonous species, such as the vipers, the rattlesnakes, and the cobras, pierce the animals which form their food with the grooved fangs in their upper jaws, and force into the wound their venomous and deadly saliva, and swallow them as soon as they are dead. So exquisitely set is the death-trap of the rattlesnake that even after life is extinct the mouth snaps at any one touching the poison fangs with a stick.

Some snakes, among them the harmless English species, swallow their prey without waiting to kill them, probably smothering them in many cases during their journey down the throat.

The swallowing feats of the big boas and pythons have undoubtedly been enormously exaggerated. They do not and cannot engulph elephants, or oxen, or deer with wide-branching horns, or large animals of any kind. Almost all snakes, however, are able to dispose of animals much larger than themselves, and this in spite of the fact that they never chop up their food or chew it, but always swallow it whole, including the fur, hair, feathers or scales forming its clothing. The beast, bird or fish, as the case may be, is always seized by the head, either in the first instance or before the act of swallowing takes place. This is obviously sound science, for the legs, feathers, or spines are then pressed back, and do not stick in the snake's throat.

But there is a further problem to solve. How can an animal a foot in diameter be got into another measuring only six inches. The teeth of the snake point backwards, and render it easier for the prey to go down than to be drawn back, provided there is room inside. If there is not, the snake may find its throat corked up, so to speak, by a fat duck. The snake opens its mouth until it is literally half off. The jaws become unjointed, but this causes their owner no alarm, for they are provided with elastic muscles for this very purpose; and the big morsel, being seized by the movable jaws and powerful muscles of the throat, is bound to go forward.

But what happens when the duck has gone down? What happens, say, when a turnip is thrust into a stocking? The stocking simply stretches and provides the asked-for accommodation; and, finally, finds itself with a corpulent middle and two thin ends. The snake acts in a similar manner, and finds room in its interior for animals of any reasonable size. A greased turnip would have a better chance than a dry one of slipping down the stocking. The copious saliva from the snake's mouth takes the place of grease, and helps the prey to its destination.

Some of the egg-eating snakes have special teeth in their throats, for crushing the shells when there is no longer any danger of the contents running out of the corners of their mouths; but many species swallow their eggs like pills, leaving it to their sound digestions to dissolve the shells in their stomachs. Instances are on record of eggs being cut out of a recently killed snake and afterwards hatched.

Perhaps the snakes which crush the eggs on their way down know what they taste like; but, apparently, few of their brethren can have much enjoyment of their dinners, their palates and tongues only telling that something wrapped in fur, feathers, or scales is passing into the stomach. Who could enjoy oysters swallowed in their shells, or pigeon pie, if the pigeons had to be eaten in their feathers and without any gravy? A boa at the Zoological Gardens once swallowed her blanket in mistake for a rabbit, and seemed quite satisfied with the meal.

Occasionally a snake mistakes the size of its dinner or of its stomach; and, tackling an impossible morsel, chokes itself. An unwise individual once made a meal off a porcupine, and doubtless congratulated itself on its success in swallowing the awkward animal. But the porcupine showed its resentment by raising its quills in the snake's stomach, and piercing it so that it died.

The act of swallowing, which often takes an hour, is so difficult that snakes, naturally enough, get tired and out of breath, and usually show their weariness by a prolonged yawn. This habit sometimes costs them their dinner, for a frog has been known to hop out again as soon as it saw daylight between the teeth of the snake. An alarm after a meal acts like an emetic, and the food swallowed is promptly disgorged. If unmolested, snakes compose themselves for a long after-dinner nap, during which the digestive organs do their work in extracting all that is nutritious from the creature which formed the meal, the feathers, fur, and other useless matters, being afterwards ejected.

The dinner bell of these reptiles does not often ring. They eat heartily when they make a meal, and then remain long without food. In the cold season of temperate climates and in the hot season of the tropics they rest and fast. In the Zoological Gardens a python has remained twenty months without food with no ill effects.

Mention has been made of snakes eating snakes of other species. Occasionally they eat their own brethren. Boxes sometimes arrive at the Zoological Gardens labelled 'Twelve Snakes'; and, when the cover is removed, only half that number is to be seen. They are all there, however, only six are inside the other half a dozen. As a rule cannibalism is the result of a misunderstanding. Two snakes seize the same frog and proceed to swallow it. By-and-by the two heads meet, and, as neither is willing to let go, one snake goes down the throat of the other in the wake of the frog.—'Hand and Heart.'

The Greater Part.

I hold Him great who, for love's sake,
Can give with generous, earnest will;
Yet He who takes for love's sweet sake
I think I hold more generous still.

I bow before the noble mind
That freely some great wrong forgives;
Yet nobler is the one forgiven
Who bears that burden well and lives.

It may be hard to gain, and still
To keep a lowly, steadfast heart;
Yet he who loses has to fill
A harder and a truer part.

Glorious it is to wear the crown
Of a deserved and pure success;
He who knows how to fail has won
A crown whose lustre is not less.

Great may be He who can command
And rule with just and tender sway;
Yet is diviner wisdom taught
Better by him who can obey.

Blessed are they who die for God
And earn the martyr's crown of light;
Yet he who lives for God may be
A greater conquerer in his sight.

—Adelaide Proctor.

After Five Years.

(By Miss Alice Lisle.)

FOUNDED ON FACT.

"'You know very well, Mary,' said John Marlow, 'if your sister Sarah had died twelve months ago, and left the same will, you would have had no choice in the matter. I wish the Married Women's Property Act had never been brought up in Parliament. What do women know about managing money? They should mend their stockings, and cook their dinners, and leave business matters to their husbands.'

Mary felt very thankful that the Act of which her husband disapproved so strongly had become law shortly before her sister's legacy proved such a bone of contention. They seldom quarrelled or even disagreed, for John Marlow was a good-tempered man, though rather fond of his own way, and Mary was a meek, yielding woman, who was quite willing to let him have it. But not only her personal comfort was now involved—she would never have stood out about that—but the future of her boys; yes, and her husband, too.

Mary's only sister had kept a public-house, and was on the point of retiring when a neglected cold carried her off, after a few days' illness. She was a childless widow, so she left everything to Mary, and John wanted to give up his situation, which was not a very lucrative one, in order to keep on the public-house. Mary wished to sell the goodwill, fixtures, etc., and invest the proceeds, together with her sister's savings.

This would be a nice help to their income. She knew, however, that John's plan was the most worldly-wise, but she disliked the business, and dreaded the constant temptation for her two sons—Frank, who was now eighteen, and Charley, about two years younger. They both sided with their mother for various reasons. Their home was in a pleasant village, while their aunt had lived in a close, crowded district of the manufacturing town four miles away, to which the lads went every day to business, but were always glad to breathe the pure fresh air of the country on their return. They had belonged from infancy to a Sunday-school, which—like most of those in the North—was not only attended by children, but also by youths and maidens, and even middle-aged men and women might be found in the senior bible classes. Frank and Charley were attached to their church and school, and had many friends, for they were lively, good-natured lads, and popular with their acquaintances. They belonged to football, cricket, and swimming clubs, also to a Mutual Improvement Society, and having lived in Castlethorpe all their lives disliked the thought of leaving their companions and going among strangers. They did not think much about the money part of the scheme, which was the inducement to their father, for though living in a quiet and homely manner the boys had never felt the want of anything. But, as Frank remarked to his brother, 'If we were ever so much better off we should never be able to enjoy it; a public-house is such a noisy, crowded place, and I think father would find it hard work too, at his age, for they are open so late, and not much rest even on Sundays.'

Both lads were brought up to be total abstainers, and had joined the Band of Hope when children, but Frank only followed the example of other boys, without thinking much about Temperance. Charley, although younger, pondered more over questions of right and wrong; he felt himself pledged for life, and dreaded unspeakably lest anyone belonging to him should undertake to sell drink.

'And I might be asked to do so myself,' he thought, with a shudder, 'if father or mother were ill, or extra busy; they might want me to help in the evening, or on Sunday even, and I don't think it right to buy or sell on God's holy day. I've often wondered how people can do it.'

Mary was thankful for the Married Women's Property Act, which had only come into force that year. She tried to hurry on the transfer of the business as much as possible, feeling the while as if in a dream, for her sister's death had been a great shock, and every moment John was at home he argued, scolded, and commanded by turns, until she was sorely tempted to yield. Yet she thought, 'What if my golden-haired Frank and my darling, unselfish Charley should become drunkards? And John himself might take a glass too much, for though a sober man he's not an abstainer. Bands of Hope weren't so plentiful when we were young. But I'm glad I gave up the little I took, when Frank and Charley first joined. I felt it was no use for them to go to meetings and hear about total abstinence if they didn't see it practised at home.'

* * * * *

'Well,' thought John Marlow, as he was shutting up the public-house at 11 p.m., 'what a good thing it was that I talked Mary out of her foolish fancies against coming to the 'Lord Nelson' five years ago. Why we make three times as much as I used to earn, and we don't seem to spend much more. We haven't much time for spending, that's one thing, and so we're getting quite a large sum in the bank. But I wish she looked as bright and cheery as she used to look; she's always fretting now over the boys, and they'll be sure to turn out all right in the end when they've sown their wild oats.'

'Don't lock up, John,' called his wife; 'Frank and Charley haven't come in yet.'

'Are they still out, Mary?' asked her husband as he entered the kitchen. 'I've been so busy that I didn't know; but I don't mean to sit up a moment after I've finished supper, for I'm dead tired.'

'Oh, I daresay they'll be here directly,' said Mary. 'If not, I'll sit up. It makes no difference to me whether I'm in bed or not, for I can't sleep,' she added, with a sigh.

Just then an unsteady knock was heard, and John went to open the door, for Mary was just taking his supper from the oven. Could this be Frank who reeled in? Something recalled to the father what a handsome lad he was when they left Castlethorpe, with his golden hair, blue eyes, and bright rosy cheks; now his eyes were vacant, his complexion muddy, his hair rough and untidy. As John stood a minute at the door looking out into the night he saw Charley approaching.

'A young fellow like you should be in earlier than this,' said John, as his son entered, and Charley answered gruffly that he should do as he pleased. And memory again reminded the father how sweet-tempered Charley once was before he broke his pledge, led to do so by the constant sight and smell of drink in his home. For though he had been drinking to-night he did not walk unsteadily, like Frank. He had, however, taken quite enough to make him irritable.

Although John was occupied all day in serving out the poison of drink to other men's sons, the change in his own boys struck him forcibly to-night as he stood gazing out into the dark street, quite forgetting that he was tired, and that his supper was waiting. He remembered Mary's words—alas! they had proved prophetic—'Frank and Charley have good friends now; friends who have been carefully brought up, as we have tried to train our boys. But you'll see, John, if we go to Milton, they'll think themselves too old to join another Sunday-school. Then they'll leave off going to church, and take up with quite different companions.'

Yes, their associates were now to be found at the music hall and the dancing saloon.

'I wish I had listened to Mary five years ago,' thought John. 'I feel almost inclined to give up the business now, but that won't bring back my boys again, like they used to be. Ah, I'd willingly sacrifice all my money in the bank if we could only go back to the old days at Castlethorpe, when I hoped—and not without reason, either—to see both Frank and Charley grow up into good and clever men.'

Here John sighed as he recalled the words, 'Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap,' for he had proved their truth, and longed, as many others have done, that it were possible to retrace a few years of his life.—'Alliance News.'

A Blessed Opportunity.

God gave me something very sweet to be
mine own this day:
A precious opportunity, a word for Christ
to say;
A soul that my desire might reach, a work
to do for Him;
And now I thank Him for this grace, ere yet
the light grows dim.

No service that He sends me on can be so
welcome aye
To guide a pilgrim's weary feet within the
narrow way,
To share the tender Shepherd's quest, and
so by brake and fen
To find for Him His wandering lambs, the
erring sons of men.

I did not seek this blessed thing; it came
a rare surprise,
Flooding my heart with dearest joy, as, lifting wistful eyes,
Heaven's light upon a dear one's face shone
plain and clear on mine;
And there, an unseen third, I felt was waiting One divine.

So in this twilight hour I kneel, and pour
my grateful thought
In song and prayer to Jesus for the gifts
this day hath brought.
Sure never service is so sweet, nor life
hath so much zest,
As when He bids me speak for Him, and
then He does the rest.

—M. E. Sangster, in 'The Sunday School Times.'

Only To-Day.

Yesterday now is a part of forever,
Bound up in a sheaf, which God holds
tight,
With glad days and sad days and bad days,
which never
Shall visit us more with their bloom and
their blight,
Their fulness of sunshine or sorrowful
night.

Let them go, since we cannot relieve them,
Cannot undo and cannot atone;
God in His mercy forgive, receive them!
Only the new days are our own,
To-day is ours, and to-day alone.

—Susan Coolidge.

Mildred Wayne's Service.

(By Emma C. Dowd.)

Mildred Wayne was very unhappy. As she lay in bed thinking over the past year, tears sprang to her eyes and trickled down her pale cheeks. Scarcely twelve months before she had entered college with high honors and unbounded hope. But her ambition had been greater than her bodily powers; she had studied too hard; she had eaten too much pastry, too many sweets; with a purseful of spending money she had indulged in candy at all hours; she had taken exercise when she should have been resting, in fact, she had lived so at variance with the laws of nature that at last her nerves had become exhausted, and she had come back home a wreck, at seventeen! For more than two months she had been a helpless invalid.

To be sure, she had every comfort that money could procure; but just now she felt that these comforts were very few indeed. She was too weak to read, and seldom strong enough to hear reading. Moreover, her food was a constant source of trouble. Mildred was unusually fond of sweets, and sweets were strictly forbidden by her physician. She longed for lemonade; but as she was allowed to have it only without sugar she refused to touch the 'sour stuff,' as she peevishly termed it.

'I never heard of a sick person before that couldn't eat jellies and custards,' she would say, bitterly, when some friend, not knowing of the doctor's orders, brought in some choice bit of cookery. 'I shall starve on beefsteak and bread and butter,' she would complain; 'I don't believe good things would hurt me a bit!' Nevertheless she was a sensible girl, and deep in her heart she honestly believed that the doctor knew best. But her fretfulness and despondency were a constant source of grief to her family.

'If you could only take things a little more cheerfully,' her mother had just said to her, 'you are sure to be well again, the doctor says; it is not as if you had some incurable disease.'

But Mildred could not be persuaded to take any other than a doleful view of everything.

'I don't know whether I shall ever be well again or not,' she said to herself, after her mother had left the room. 'Dr. Mote says that health will come back in time, but when? that is the question! He says it may come in six weeks or I may be ill for a year, he cannot tell. Oh, dear! And perhaps I may die after all! Perhaps he doesn't know! If I could have company it would be different; but I can't have even that comfort. No, all that is allowed me is to lie here and think, think, think! If I could only sleep, but my nerves won't let me do that—oh, dear!'

Poor Mildred! But even then there was something bright in store for her, though she did not know it till a few minutes later, when Dr. Childs, the minister, was announced.

Dr. Childs was one of the very few who were admitted to the sick room. Ever since her childhood he had been pastor of the church in which Mildred belonged, and she loved him very dearly. She looked forward to his visits with delight, and although today she was in a despairing mood her face lighted perceptibly as he entered the room.

She soon relapsed, however, into her former discontent. Dr. Childs listened patiently to her complaints, but took so cheery a view of her condition as to cause her to tell him that she thought he was unsympathetic.

'You don't know what it is to lie here, day after day,' she said, 'not able to read or write or sew or do anything! And I can't have any company excepting you and one or two others. Doctor says he likes to have you see his patients, and that I may always see you when you come unless I am very tired, that is one comfort! But it is so hard to do nothing. Sometimes I get so desperate that I think I will read anyway, and then if I do it tires me and brings on the trouble with my heart, till I wish I had been content to stagnate. Oh, I meant to do so much in the church this vacation; but all my planning has come to naught. I am of no use whatever.

Dr. Childs strove to divert the sick girl's mind from herself, and in a measure he succeeded. At last he rose, saying:

'Dr. Motte will not want me to visit his patients if I stay so long as to tire them out.'

'Oh, don't say good-by yet!' and a doleful look took possession of Mildred's face.

'Then I will say, "How do you do?"' he responded, gaily.

Mildred laughed. How could she help it?

'That is the first time I have seen her laugh in two weeks,' said Mrs. Wayne.

Then the mother was called from the room, and the two were left alone.

'You say that there is nothing you can do,' said Dr. Childs.

'Not a single thing! I am just good for nothing!' was the dismal answer, and Mildred's eyes filled with tears.

The doctor's eyes grew moist, as he thought what it must be to lie there cut off from almost every pleasure.

'But I think there is something left for you to do,' he said, cheerily.

'I don't see what,' she replied. 'You read about sick people; but they can always write or do fancy work or something. And I am so weak that sometimes I can't even talk.'

'Are you ever so weak that you cannot smile?' he asked, a whimsical look coming into his eyes.

A queer, pathetic little pucker played around Mildred's mouth for an instant, and then she smiled broadly.

'You know I'm not,' she said.

'Then if that is the only thing left you, I think it is plainly your service. People do not generally have their work so clearly marked out for them.'

Mildred watched the minister's face in eager silence, and went on:

'Did'nt you see how your mother's face brightened when you laughed just now?'

'I didn't notice. Poor mother! I haven't smiled much lately; I have felt so blue I couldn't.'

'Well, you can't go back to smile through the past; but you can smile now, and you can keep right on smiling until you get well. Perhaps you do not know how much power there is in smiles. Some people go so far as to think they bring pleasant thoughts, and that a person cannot be angry when he is smiling. But one who smiles is certainly happier than one who does not smile, and everybody around him is happier too. So if something is brought you for dinner that you do not exactly fancy, smile over it—you have no idea how much better it will taste! Let all the house be certain of your smile. Whenever your father or mother or sister or brothers come into the room, smile—no matter how bad you feel. It won't make you a bit worse, and it will make them feel a great deal better.'

'I'll try it!' cried Mildred. 'It will be something to do, and I thought there wasn't anything.'

'I have a little verse in mind that I think fits your case pretty well,' said the minister. 'I'll write it down for you,' and he took note-book and pencil from his pocket. When he had finished, he read the lines aloud. This was the stanza:

'"They also serve who only stand and wait;"
Thus sang a mighty bard of England's Isle;
Looking on those who bear the sufferer's fate,
I think they serve who only lie and smile.'

'I shall see you again in two or three days,' said the doctor, 'for I shall be anxious to know how you get on in the smiling business. I hope there will be large profits.'

For a long time after the minister left her, Mildred lay resting, the slip of paper containing the quatrain in her hand. She was tired, but there was a smile on her lips. It was thus that her mother found her.

Mildred showed the lines that Dr. Childs had given her.

'I believe he wrote it himself,' she said; 'I almost think he wrote it for me.' She repeated the last line softly to herself, and smiled.

She had begun her service.—'American Messenger.'

A Herd Laddie.

'Are you the son of John Brown of the Self-Interpreting Bible?' asked a blacksmith's wife of Dr. Brown, of Edinburgh.

She lived in a remote hamlet among the hop-gardens of Kent, and knew nothing of the distinguished Scotch physician; but she was familiar with the 'Self-Interpreting Bible,' the great work of John Brown of Haddington, one of the most popular of the theological writers of Scotland, and the great-grandfather of the Edinburgh physician.

Dr. John Brown heard the question with surprise and pride, for he held the heroic old man of Haddington in peculiar reverence, and cherished as an heirloom the Greek Testament he had won when a 'herd laddie.'

The story of that Testament should encourage every poor boy to make Pope's lines prophetic of himself:

'Honor and shame from no condition rise;
Act well your part, there all the honor lies.'

At eleven years of age, John Brown, the future theologian, having lost both father and mother, was apprenticed to a pious shepherd, who tended his flocks among the hills of Perthshire. The 'herd laddie' was a good boy. He aspired to be learned as well.

While watching his flock he taught himself Greek and Latin. The extent of his knowledge caused the ignorant country people to say that the boy was in league with the devil, and had sold his soul for lore!

The boy had one desire, the gratification of which would amply reward his labor in studying Greek. He wished to read the New Testament in the original tongue, and to obtain a copy of the priceless volume. One night, having committed his sheep to a companion, he walked to St. Andrews, a distance of twenty-five miles. Arriving there in the morning, he went into a bookseller's store and asked for a copy of the Greek Testament.

The bookseller, surprised at such a request from a herd laddie, was disposed to make game of him; but a professor of St. Andrews University happened to be in the

store, and overhearing the earnest boy and the bantering bookseller, questioned the laddie about his studies.

'Bring the boy a Greek Testament,' said he to the bookseller. The man did so, and with irritation threw the volume down on the counter, saying:

'Read this, boy, and you shall have it for nothing!'

The laddie opened the book, read several verses in the Greek, and translated them.

'He has won the Testament!' said the Professor.

That afternoon the laddie was diligently studying his treasure in the midst of his sheep on the hill-side.

The herd laddie became pastor of the church of Haddington. Once David Hume, the historian and sceptic, was persuaded to go and hear him. 'That man preaches as if Christ were at his elbow,' was Hume's comment.

Late in life John Brown said, 'I was young when left by my parents, yet their instructions, accompanied with God's dealings, made such impressions on my heart as I hope will continue with me to all eternity. I have served many masters, but none so kind as Christ; I have dealt with many honest men, but no creditor like Christ; and had I ten thousand bodies, they should all be employed in laboring for his honor.'

When scarcely able to speak, he said, with a smile, 'The Lord is my strength and my song, and he also is become my salvation.'

He has left many memorable sayings, some of which have proved helpful to the souls of other pilgrims. We close with one:

'That is a sweet little sentence, "We shall be for ever with the Lord." Oh, how sweet! "For ever with the Lord!" And that which makes the wonder is this: that it is we that are to enjoy this happiness; we pitiful creatures are to be for ever with God our Saviour, God in our nature.'—'Friendly Greetings.'

'I Threw Away the "If."'

In the year 1859, when the Spirit of God was working in a most wonderful manner in the North of Ireland, a very interesting case of conversion took place in the little town of Moneymore, Co. Derry.

A young man, a stone-mason, was brought under conviction of sin. He could neither read nor write himself, but would give the children of the village a few pence to read verses from the Word of God, which he repeated after them, and thus he committed many portions of the Scripture to memory, in order that he might think over them while he followed his daily calling.

One day his employer sent him on a message to a gentleman in the town. When he knocked at the door, and the servant came, he could not utter one word of the message, for, as I should have mentioned, he had a great impediment in his speech. That day he was so much cast down that, returning homeward, he fell on his knees in the public street, and cried out for mercy in his own simple and imperfect manner; but the Lord knew and read the language of that poor broken and contrite heart.

'When I fell on my knees,' he said, 'I prayed the prayer of the leper in the first chapter of Mark, "If Thou wilt, Thou canst make me clean"; and after praying thus for a few times, I threw away the "If" and cried in faith, "Lord! Thou wilt and canst make me clean!" and just as the compassionate Saviour touched the leper and his disease vanished at the divine touch, so quickly did light and blessing come into my soul. I saw at once that Jesus Christ had suffered for sins, the just for the unjust, to bring such as I was to God, that whosoever believeth on Him shall not perish, but have everlasting life.'

But, marvellous to relate, from that hour he seemed to get back the faculty of speech with the forgiveness of his sins. Wherever he went he told the people of the love of God, and how Christ died for sinners. He learned to read quite intelligently, and in a very short space of time.

He had a burning zeal for the conversion of sinners, and was anxious to make known the truth that Christ was as 'willing' as He was 'able' to save to the uttermost all who came unto God by Him; indeed, he devoted his life and energies to making known the Gospel.

He preached over the North of Ireland with Mr. J. Meneely (one of the three young men who met for prayer, and to which prayer-meeting was traced the beginning of the great awakening of 1859, in Ireland), Scotland, and over the greater part of England.

God owned in a very marked way the service of His servant, and many are living to this day, and some are gone home—like himself—who shall bless God through eternity for the Gospel of the grace of God preached by the illiterate stone-mason of Moneymore. The same Saviour lives to-day; His heart of compassion is just the same as when He met the doubting leper and in grace said, 'I will, be thou clean.' Have you come to Him for forgiveness, peace, and true blessing? If not, come now. Come as you are. He will bless you, and speak wondrous words of blessing to your precious soul. Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever.—'Springing Well.'

Companionship in Solitary Confinement.

'What a small thing will keep a man from insanity when in solitary confinement,' said a prison warden, recently. I read the case of a prisoner who somehow in solitary confinement had managed to keep his silver watch secreted on his person. For a time he kept up very well, and as his crime was a terrible one, we did not feel like releasing him; but one day he became violent and crazy, and we finally decided to remove him to the hospital. In his cell we found his watch, with the mainspring broken.

'It seems that as long as the watch continued to tick in his ear at night, he felt as if he had a companion, and his dark cell did not seem so solitary. He caressed the watch fondly, talked to it, and it talked to him. Hour after hour it spoke, and he was enabled to endure the terrible loneliness with this cheering and gossipy companion. He told me afterwards that he put words to that ticking, and the watch seemed almost like a thing of life.

'But one night something snapped and its voice ceased. He wound it up anxiously, and still it was silent. It was like the death of something beloved, the passing away of the dearest thing on earth. Before, it had been animated and full of life, with a tongue that wagged and wagged. Now, it was a bit of dead, lifeless metal. The long hours of the night weighed upon him. He seemed to see strange visions. His loneliness was frightful. And then— next morning they found him raving, crazy.'—'Detroit Free Press.'

The Royal Cup-Bearer.

BY THE REV. DAWSON BURNS, D.D.

(For Recitation.)

Young Cyrus was a Persian Prince;
Who only drank cold water;
His mother was a queenly dame,
The King of Media's daughter.

And when she visited the King,
She wished his heart to please,
And therefore took her blooming boy
To see Astyages.

The aged sire embraced the child,
And loved him more each day;
While he, to prove his love, took care
In all things to obey.

'Cup-bearer to you let me be,'
Said Cyrus to the King,
'I want to show how gracefully
The goblet I can bring.'

The King consented, laughed and said,
'Young sir! don't make such haste;
You have forgotten that you ought
To pour some wine and taste.'

'I did not, grandpapa, forget—
Permit me to explain—
'Twas fear of poison in the cup
That caused me to refrain.'

'Poison, my child!' the King exclaimed,
'What silly thoughts are these?
In Media's court, who would conspire
To kill Astyages?'

'I did not say 'to kill,' grandpa,'
The noble boy replied—
'But listen and I'll tell you all
And nothing from you hide.

'It was but a few nights ago
You drank from this same cup,
Your nobles also drank from theirs,
Till none could stand straight up.

'Your looks were very strange and wild,
You wrangled loud and long;
Each shouted that himself was right
And all the rest were wrong.

'I really was ashamed to see
How they behaved to you,
While you did not appear to care
About your kingly due.

'Then as I wondered much—the thought
Within my breast was fixed,
That surely poison in your cups
By wicked hands was mixed.'

Thus spake the child, the King admired
And praised the repartee,
And to his nobles said—'His words
Reprove both you and me.

'"Tis wisdom's voice that speaks through him,
And bids him 'poison' call
The wine which first bewitches us,
And then degrades us all.'

Now boys and girls, if asked why you
From all strong drink abstain,
Remember Cyrus, and reply—
'A poison they contain.'

—'Temperance Banner.'

The teacher's life should be an illustration of the truths he teaches. Scholars expect this. It is their right to expect it. A godly life during the week is an excellent complement to the work of teaching on the Sabbath. It gives the teacher an influence over his scholars as nothing else can.

Piggy Jack.

(By Mary E. Murray, in 'Early Days.')

'I'd like to keep one, but they must all go to pay the rent.' Poor widow Curtis sighed as she drove her eight little brown pigs to market. But Jacky, the cleverest of them, had no wish to leave his comfortable home, and while his mistress was busy with his tiresome brothers, he slipped away without being missed, and galloped back as

nimbly as his fat little legs would carry him.

Halfway home he stopped at a farmyard, and had a good meal of the bran which had been thrown out for the hens, and then he trotted into the front garden to see what he could find there. The baby's cradle was on the grass in the sunshine, so Master Jacky scrambled into it. It was warm and soft, and the dainty white quilt had never been made to cover a little brown pig; but it suited Jacky well, and he grunted with joy as he rocked from side to side. At last he fell asleep, and there he stayed snugly amongst the pillows till late in the afternoon.

'My dear,' said the farmer to his wife as he came in to tea, 'the baby seemed to be sleeping very heavily as I passed through the garden.'

'In the garden? What do you mean?' she asked. 'Baby's been indoors all the afternoon.' And she went to the cradle, and peeped to see what it was that snored so loudly.

Her coming wakened Jacky, and he winked sleepily at her with his head still on the pillow, and she laughed so much that the farmer came out to see what was the matter.

'Hallo, Mrs. Curtis! do you know where your brown pig is?' he cried out as the poor, tired, old woman came up the road. She had not missed Jacky until she had nearly reached the market, so she had sold the others, and come back to find him. 'Look at him, cunning little chap! He knows where he's well off, doesn't he?'

'Come in and have a cup of tea with us,' the farmer's wife said. 'I've been wanting to see you, for I've had a letter from my nephew in Australia to-day, and he sent a little remembrance for you in it.' And she slipped a bright half-sovereign into the widow's hand.

The poor old woman's face glowed with joy. 'God bless his kind heart!' she said. 'I needn't sell my little pig now.'

'Nay, you mustn't sell him yet,' said the farmer heartily. 'I've a sack or two of damaged corn, and one of the lads shall carry it down for you to fatten him with.' And as the widow thanked him warmly, Jacky got out of the cradle, and squealed with anticipation and hunger, as if he felt that he, too, must show gratitude.

What Bessie Found Out.

(By S. Jennie Smith, in 'Sunday-School Times.')

'Ting-ling-a-ling! Ting-a-ling!' said the bell at the front door, and Bessie jumped from the breakfast table and went out to see who was calling there so early in the morning.

It's a telegram, mamma', she cried excitedly, as she came back to the dining-room, 'and the man wants you to sign the book, and— Oh my, I wonder who could have sent it!'

Mrs. Royse looked anxious. We always do, I think, when telegrams come to us.

'It's from John,' she said to her husband, when she had read it. 'Sister Mary is very ill, and wants to see me.'

'Then you had better go at once,' returned Mr. Royse.

'I suppose so. But I wonder if things will be all right here.'

'Of course. Why shouldn't they be? The girl is able to take care of the house, and, as for Bessie, she isn't a baby any longer,—are you, dear?'

'Indeed I am not,' Bessie declared emphatically. 'I am nine years old this very month.'

'Then you think you can take

care of yourself for two whole days?' asked her mother. 'I may be gone as long as that.'

'Why, yes, mama. I mostly take care of myself when you are here,' was the confident reply.

Mrs. Royse smiled as she thought of the many demands that her little daughter made on her time and attention, but she thought it would be well for her to be entirely dependent on herself for a while.

'Don't bother Kate, dear, for she will have enough to do,' was her injunction as she began hurriedly to make preparations for her departure.

'Oh, no! I wouldn't do that,' Bessie assured her; and afterward, when she was kissing her mother good-by, she said, 'Don't worry about me one bit, mama; I'll be all right.'

Then, when her mother was really off, and her father had gone to business, the little girl started to get ready for school.

'There!' she said to herself the minute she entered her room, 'I forgot all about my braids. I never can fix them decently myself. I wish—mama had done it before she went away.'

But mama had not, and it still had to be done, so Bessie began to struggle with her hair. It may seem easier than it really is for a little girl to braid her own hair. The strands would get mixed and the partings crooked. She combed it all out three or four times, and started the braids again, and finally told herself that it would have to do. She knew it didn't look nice, but it was getting late, and she could not afford to bother any more over it. Then she changed her dress, and a new difficulty presented itself. She could not hook it up in the back.

'Mama always does that,' she thought, 'and what am I going to do?'

She tugged and pulled, fastening up one hook only to unfasten it in the attempt to do the next. At last she had to go down into the kitchen to get Kate to hook her dress.

'I couldn't help that, of course,' she excused herself with when she thought of her mother's words about not bothering Kate.

'I wonder what mama did with my hat yesterday,' was her next thought. And she began to look hurriedly around the sitting-room.

'Oh, dear! It isn't so easy to get along without mama as I imagined it would be. She had that hat right here, because she was going to sew the ribbon where it was ripped off. I don't believe she did it, though, for Mrs. Leonard came in and talked ever so long, and that hat ought to be here yet. Where—where can it be? My books are in the closet, anyhow, for I put them there.' And Bessie opened the closet door, and there was her hat, too, right where it belonged. It was fixed. after all, as Bessie saw when she took it down, but she wondered when her mother had found time to do it. At noontime she rushed into the house, saying:

'Mama, can you go— Oh!' she added, seeing no one in the dinning-room but her father, 'I forgot that mama wasn't here. I wish she would come home.'

'Already?' Mr. Doyse said in surprise. 'Why, I thought you were the little lady who could get along so nicely alone!'

'For some things I can. But then, papa, there are things that I need mama for. Now you see there's an entertainment down on Washington Street,—a ventriloquist and such things,—and we school children have tickets that will let us in for ten cents, but I don't want to go so far without mama.'

'No; and you ought not to, either. I'd take you if I could, but I'm too busy. Never mind; there will be more entertainments when your mother is here.' And Bessie had to be consoled with that thought.

At three o'clock there was a lesson that she wanted her mother to help her with, there was a rip in her sleeve, and a great hungry feeling inside of her.

'Mama always gives me something nice when I come home,' she said to herself, 'but I'm not going to bother Kate about it. Oh, dear! What a lot of things mothers do for us, and we never know it till they're away somewhere! They must get so tired working for us all the time!'

At supper Bessie's hunger was satisfied. She had struggled along with the lesson, too, and, as for her dress, she had decided to wear another until her mother came home and could mend that sleeve. So far she had managed, 'after a fashion,' as she told herself, but when it came bedtime she began to wonder what she should do without her mother's good-night kiss. The very idea of going to bed and not having it brought tears to her eyes.

'What's the matter, little daughter?' asked papa.

'Why—I think I want—my mother?' sobbed Bessie.

Just then the bell rang, and, when the door was opened, in walked Mrs. Royse.

'O mama!' cried Bessie, rushing into her arms, 'I am so glad that you didn't stay two days!'

'Well, Aunt Mary was improving, so I hurried home. But what's the matter? Weren't you getting along all right, dear?'

'Why, you see, mama,' said Bessie, smiling through her tears, 'I didn't really know how much mothers did until you weren't here to do it.'

Accomplishments.

A girl should learn to make a bed,
To bake good biscuits, cake, and bread,
To handle deftly brush and broom,
And neatly tidy up a room.

A girl should learn to darn and mend,
To care the sick, the baby tend:
To have enough of style and taste
To trim a hat or fit a waist.

A girl should learn to value time,
A picture hang, a ladder climb,
And not to almost raise the house
At sight of little harmless mouse.

A girl should learn to dress with speed,
And hold tight lacing 'gainst her creed;
To buy her shoes to fit her feet.
In fact above all vain deceit.

A girl should learn to keep her word,
To spread no farther gossip heard,
Home or abroad to be at ease,
And try her best to cheer and please.

A girl should learn to fondly hold
True worth of value more than gold;
Accomplished thus, with tender mien,
Reign, crowned with love, home's cherished queen.

—Kathleen Kavanagh.

LESSON VIII.—MAY 20.

Parable of the Sower.

Matt. xiii., 1-8, and 18-23. Memory verses, 22, 23. Read Matt. xii., 22 to xiii., 23: Luke viii., 1-21.

Daily Readings.

M. Forgiven Sin. Lk. vii., 36-50.
T. Eternal Sin. Mk. iii., 22-29.
W. His Kindred. Mt. xii., 46-50.
T. Wise Heart. I. Ks. iii., 5-15.
F. Clean Heart. Ps. li., 10-19.
S. Their Fruit. Mt. vii., 15-27.

Golden Text.

'The seed is the word of God.'—Luke viii., 11.

Lesson Text.

(1) The same day went Jesus out of the house, and sat by the seaside. (2) And great multitudes were gathered together unto him, so that he went into a ship, and sat, and the whole multitude stood on the shore. (3) And he spake many things unto them in parables, saying, Behold, a sower went forth to sow; (4) And when he sowed, some seeds fell by the wayside, and the fowls came and devoured them up: (5) Some fell upon stony places, where they had not much earth: and forthwith they sprung up, because they had not deepness of earth: (6) And when the sun was up, they were scorched; and because they had no root, they withered away. (7) And some fell among thorns: and the thorns sprung up, and choked them:. (8) But other fell on good ground, and brought forth fruit, some an hundred fold, some sixty fold, some thirty fold.

(18) Hear ye therefore the parable of the sower. (19) When any one heareth the word of the kingdom, and understandeth it not, then cometh the wicked one, and catcheth away that which was sown in his heart. This is he which received seed by the way side. (20) But he that received the seed into stony places, the same is he that heareth the word, and anon with joy receiveth it; (21) Yet hath he not root in himself, but dureth for a while; for when tribulation or persecution ariseth because of the word, by and by he is offended. (22) He also that received seed among the thorns is he that heareth the word; and the cares of this world, and the deceitfulness of riches, choke the word, and he becometh unfruitful. (23) But he that receiveth seed into the good ground, is he that heareth the word and understandeth it; which also beareth fruit, and bringeth forth, some an hundredfold, some sixty, some thirty.

Suggestions.

Our Lord had been making a tour through Galilee, preaching and teaching in every city and village. On the day that he returned to Capernaum great crowds flocked to see and hear him. As they were by the Sea of Galilee, Jesus got into a little fishing boat and sat there, speaking to the great multitude on the shore. He now began a new method of teaching. He had taught them plainly the principles of the kingdom, he had healed their diseases, he had showed them many miracles. The people had twisted his teachings, they had discredited his healing powers, they had demanded more miracles. This showed that their hearts were not yet really ready for the truth, they could not or would not understand. From this time our Lord used a new method of teaching, his words, like good seed, were to be sown in the hearts of men to bring forth eternal fruit in the sincere and thoughtful minds.

Jesus Christ was the sower and his words the seed about which he told the first parable.

He likened the hearts of his hearers to the earth in the grain fields. Some hearts were like the wayside or beaten path that ran through or alongside of the field; as that ground was hardened by the tramping of many feet, so the heart was hardened by the tramping through of worldly thoughts, vain desires and trivial ambitions. These are they who hear the truth only with their ears, their hearts are so occupied with other things that the seed falls unheeded, and before they are aware of what it might have meant to them, the adversary with the swift-winged guile of commonplace trivialities, has snatched away the good seed, and the fruitfulness it might have brought is lost forever. These are they of modern times who go regularly to church and attend many religious services, but while the seed is being sown they are allowing their hearts to be hardened and trampled down by the consideration of their earthly affairs, or by criticisms of the minister or of some of their neighbors. Nothing will so quickly harden and dry up the heart as the fostering of unkind thoughts about one's neighbors. It can truly be said of some men that they have never heard a message from God to them—not because they have not had opportunity, not because they have not attended church and Sabbath-school, but because they have deliberately or unconsciously shut their hearts to the message by thinking of other things.

It is a noticeable fact about the wayside soil that it was not necessarily poor soil by nature, it might have been the same as the richest, most productive ground, had it not been tramped down by the heavy feet of the common passerby. Notice also that it is the devil who makes haste to snatch away the good seed, he appreciates the power of God's word far more than does the careless heart. But that wayside soil is not hopeless, a few turns of the plough and harrow and that soil may be made ready to receive the good seed into its depths, and to bring forth a rich harvest of eternal fruit. The sleeping soul may be wakened, the heart hardened by sin or carelessness may be softened by God's grace, it may require the harrowing of grief and loss, it may need to be broken up with pain and sorrow, it may need to be moistened with the hot tears of penitence—but it is not hopeless. Oh, soul, excuse not thyself for the wayside soil of thy careless heart, thou art accountable only to the Lord of heaven and earth who longeth to make of thy heart a garden of praise to himself and of blessing to the world around thee.

It is not only the careless heart which misses the joy of fruit bearing. The superficial, shallow nature, content with external attractions, is likened to the soil which stretches thinly over a ledge of rock. These natures are common, they receive the gospel gladly, grasping its promises of peace and joy with eager hand. As long as everything goes smoothly they bid fair to become bright and shining lights; as long as the rewards of right doing are visible and tangible they make every effort to do right. But as soon as such an one feels the heat of persecution or tribulation, which is sent to make the seed strike down deeper roots into the earth, the roots meet an unexpected opposition of rock-like obstinacy and self-will. Then the heart life which had appeared so promising, withers up for lack of deep and firm rootage. Such a nature must be deepened, and the hidden rocks of obstinacy and self-will removed, before this soul can bring forth fruit to the glory of God. But with God all things are possible.

The seed falls also into hearts full of thorns. It may be that the thorns have been cut down so that they do not show in the outward character, but the roots are there. It may be that the hearers are unconscious of the thorns in their hearts, or that knowing of them, they do not realize their harmfulness, nor do they appreciate the importance of a pure heart, the necessity of a free clean soil for the cultivation of the seed. These may be they whom the world counts favored, talented, generous, warmhearted, ambitious, the soil is good, it is rich and productive, but the weeds are allowed to monopolize the ground. The unimportant things crowd out or choke the only important thing in life. They fall short of the mark; these souls receive the word and the power of the new life, they even may bear fruit of a shrivelled, green, unattractive sort, but they bring no fruit to perfection, their growth is choked and stunted by the unnecessary and harmful weeds of this world's attractions. The cares of this world signify anything that we care about apart from God. The deceitfulness of riches is a snare both to poor and rich, for riches do not bring contentment. The pleasures of this life dull the appetite for the joys of Christianity. Whatever tends to worldliness separates the soul from God and effectually hinders fruitfulness.

The good soil is the sincere heart. Not necessarily the good or honest heart as man sees things, but the heart that is open to God and that grasps the message with an honest determination to obey God at any cost. It is the state of the heart at the time of the seed sowing that affects the after life. Let us pray God for humble, teachable hearts, sincere and open, that we may hear his messages and that every word may bring forth multiplied fruit unto eternal life—so shall we be well pleasing in his sight.

This parable includes every class of men who have heard the gospel—in which class are you?

C. E. Topic.

May 20—The power of a temperate life. Dan. 1: 1-17. (Quarterly temperance meeting).

Junior C. E Topic.

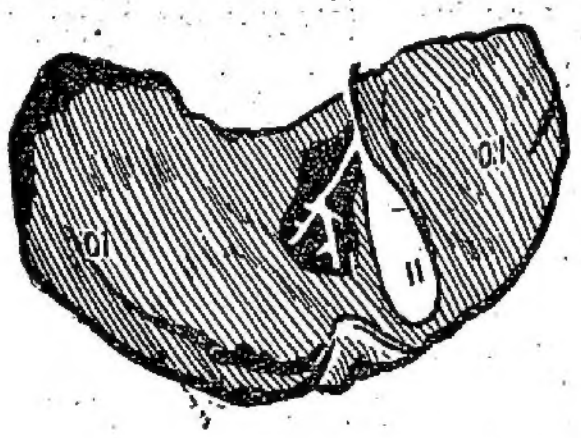
TOUCH NOT THE DRINK.

Mon., May 14.—It deceives. Prov. xx., 1.
Tues., May 15.—It ensnares. Isa. xxviii., 7.
Wed., May 16.—It brings woe. Isa. v., 22.
Thu., May 17.—It destroys. Nah. i., 10.
Fri., May 18.—It weakens nations. Prov. xxxi., 4, 5.
Sat., May 19.—We are not alone. Rom. xiv., 7.
Sun., May 20.—Topic—Why is it best not to touch strong drink? Dan. i., 7-17. (Quarterly temperance meeting.)

Alcohol Catechism.

(Dr. R. H. Macdonald, of San Francisco.)

CHAPTER XII.—HOW ALCOHOL AFFECTS THE LIVER AND KIDNEYS.



In this illustration, 10 represents the liver and 11 the gall bladder. The liver weighs about four pounds.

1. Q.—What is the liver?
A.—The largest gland of the body. The liver secretes the bile, which is needed for digestion. It also renews the blood.
2. Q.—How does alcohol affect the liver?
A.—Its first action is to turn the bile from yellow to green, or even black. This greatly affects the health.
3. Q.—Does the liver absorb much alcohol?
A.—More than any other organ of the body, except the brain.
4. Q.—How does this change the liver?
A.—It irritates it, and makes the soft substance of the liver grow hard and unable to do its work. It also, by depositing fat and false tissue, enlarges and weakens it.
5. Q.—How large is a drunkard's liver?
A.—It becomes twice its natural size, or larger, often weighing ten or twelve pounds.

(To be Continued.)

The Devil's Railway.

A vice-president of the Nationalist Temperance society sends the following schedule, which was prepared by a young man who is serving a life sentence in a Mississippi penitentiary for killing his companion while on a drunken, gambling spree. The young man was from a good family, in good circumstances, but as the parents were negligent as to their attendance upon religious observances, the young man fell into evil company. He yielded to the wine cup. Since he

entered prison he has been converted: It is hoped that the publication of this schedule will do good. It is prepared by one who has travelled over the road :

THE BLACK VALLEY RAILWAY.

Standard gauge. International line. Chartered under the laws of all the states. No stop-over checks. No return trains.

STATIONS ON THE MAINE LINE.

Arrive..Cigaretteville .. .. 7.30 a.m.
Leave...Cigaretteville .. .. 7.30 "
Arrive..Mild Drink Station .. .. 7.45 "
" ..Moderation Falls .. .. 8.00 "
" ..Tipplersville .. .. 9.00 "
" ..Topersville .. ..10.00 "
" ..Drunkard's Curve . .. ..11.00 "
" ..Rowdy's Wood.. .. .. ..11.30 "
" ..Quarrelsburg .. ..noon

(Remains one hour to abuse wife and children.)

Leave...Quarrelsburg .. .. 1.00 p.m.
Arrive..Lusty Gulch .. .. 1.15 "
" ..Bummer's Roost .. .. .. 1.50 "
" ..Beggar's Town .. .. 2.00 "
" ..Criminal's Rendezvous ..3.00 "
" ..Deliriumville .. .. 4.00 "
" ..Rattlesnakes Swamp .. ..6.00 "
" ..Prisonburg .. .. 8.00 "
" ..Devil's Gap (brakes all off) .10.00 "
" ..Dark Valley .. ..10.00 "

(Passengers may feel some discomfort inhaling sulphurous fumes, but never mind, there is no way to return.)

" ..Demon's Bend . .. .11.30 "

(Don't get frightened at the dying groans you may hear.)

" ..Perdition .. ..midnight.

(Many passengers relieve themselves of all anxiety by committing suicide.)

Tickets for sale by all barkeepers.

ANNUAL STATEMENT.

Our very popular line carries annually 400,000 paupers. Brings misery and woe to 2,000,000 persons. Despatches into eternity 60,000 unprepared souls. Carries 600,000 drunkards. Conveys 100,000 to prison. More immigrants pass annually over our line than any other. We positively refuse to be reasonable for the poverty and want of the widows and orphans of those who ride over our line. They may ride with us if they pay the fare. Our employees are paid promptly. See Rom. 6.23.

N. B.—The great License Law, under which we operate, relieves us of all responsibility for accidents and suffering along our line, or that is caused by our employees. We insist that all attempts by silly women and enthusiastic preachers and church members to stop our business by invalidating our charters are in direct opposition to the great doctrine of 'personal liberty.'

We hereby give notice that any woman who dares to oppose our most lucrative business will be branded a 'crank,' and that any man who dares to oppose us will be denominated a 'bolter' from some one of the great political parties, and he takes the risk of losing his political influence.

D. E. Vil,
General Manager.

A. L. Cohol, Agent,

—Michigan Advocate.

In hot weather a popular knowledge of every precaution which can be adopted to prevent an attack of heat apoplexy is of the highest value. A timely hint from our Australian colonies has now been opportunely reported. During January, when 300 persons died of sunstroke, a Colonial Government asked the Medical Board to issue appropriate instructions for the avoidance of this grave disease. The board declared that, of all predisposing causes, undue indulgence in intoxicating liquors is the most common and the most dangerous. Further, that during the attack it is dangerous to employ intoxicants as a remedy. The 'British Medical Journal' adds—'We cordially endorse this opinion. In many cases sunstroke has practically been alcohol-stroke, and in other cases an injudicious resort to alcohol therapeutically has endangered the sufferer's life. Even by the abstinent, under extreme heat conditions, it is essential that such common-sense precautions as the wearing of appropriate clothing, of light, non-radiating head-gear, and moderation of exertion should be adopted. Undoubtedly, 'coeteris paribus,' the strictly abstinent have the least risk of heat apoplexy.'—'Alliance News.'

Correspondence

Innerkip.

Dear Editor,—I go to school and have a loving teacher. Her name is Miss Klien. My papa died when I was eight years old, and so I can remember nothing about him, but mother says he was a dear papa. Innerkip is not very large. There is a very large greenhouse, a grist mill, two stores and three churches. I like to read the children's page of the 'Messenger.'

ALMA, aged 8.

Princeport, N. S.

Dear Editor,—This place was named in honor of the Prince of Wales when he visited Nova Scotia. I live near the Shubenacadie river and about three miles from the place where the Midland Railway bridge is being built. They have three piers built now, and in the summer the company expects to complete it. As the tide rises about forty feet it was a very difficult undertaking. I was very much interested in Jane Catherine's letter telling about her visit to Scotland. I wish she would write again.

MAUDE, aged 12.

Galt, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I live in the suburbs of the picturesque town of Galt. I think Galt is a lovely town, it has so many pretty nooks. I go to the Mill Creek School and am in the senior third reader. We have a new teacher now. Her name is Miss Lucas, and I think her very nice. I have a grey pussy and a dog. My pussie's name is Bessie and my doggie's name is General Don Buller, but we just call him Don for short. I was 11 years old last 3rd of August. I go to the United Presbyterian Church and Sabbath-school. The Rev. A. G. King is minister, and Mr. Shepherd is my Sunday-school teacher. I received a diploma two years ago for memorizing the Shorter Catechism.

JULIA M. R.

Sea View, P.E.I.

Dear Editor,—I live on a farm near the Gulf of St. Lawrence.' I go to school every day and I like my teacher. I am in the fourth book. I have two cats and one dog. My dog's name is 'Dewey.' I would like to correspond with Harry W. A., from Nova Scotia, if he will write first.

JOHN E., aged 10.

Youngstown, Ohio.

Dear Editor,—We came here from Morrisburg, Canada. My sister, brother, and myself, are Christians. We belong to the Free Methodist Church. Our new church was dedicated free of debt five weeks ago. We have a good Sabbath-school, and my mamma, teaches the primary class. The members of our church do not use tobacco, and believe in dressing plainly, according to —I. Pet. iii., 4 ; I. Tim. ii., 9, 10. I have a little brother, his name is Paul Hugh. He was born in Ohio. The rest of us were all born in Canada and are loyal Canadians.

LILY M.

Renfrew, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I live on a farm, four miles from Renfrew, between the C. P. Railway and the Bonnechere river. I have five sisters and one brother living and two dear little brothers dead. My dear papa is dead five years. My baby sister, Birdie, and I go to school. She is six years old and is in the second book. I am in the fourth book. I would like to correspond with Harriet Maud R., of Charlottetown, P.E.I. I would like her to write first.

GEDDIE E. LAVENTURE, aged 10.

Sault Ste. Marie, Ont.

Dear Editor,—We get the 'Messenger' in our Sunday-school, and I like it very much. I am a boy ten years old, and am in the second book. I have a sister and a brother, Both are older than I am. My pets are a dog and a cat.

WALTER G.

Tweedside.

Dear Editor,—I am going to school now and I read in the fifth book. Our teacher's name is Miss Gilman, I like her very much. My papa and my brother are working over the lake. My brother and I went over to see them, and I enjoyed it very much. My brother Harry has a perfectly white mouse. He caught it in Mr. McFarland's barn, and he has a common mouse in beside it, to keep it company. We had a severe storm one Sunday and during it the wind blew the roof off Uncle Sandy Swan's barn, and we have had several other storms since.

MARY WINNIFRED S., aged 14.

Pembroke Shore, Yarmouth, N.S.

Dear Editor,—I have one brother, and he has been through the Cuban war. He fought at Santiago Hill and got through without a scratch. I have one cat named Tinker. I milk one cow named Daisy.

CLAUDE RING VICKERY, aged 9.

Hamilton, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I was sick in bed for Christmas and for a long while after, with diphtheria. Five in the house had it at the same time ; then I had just been to school about two weeks when I got the measles, and I am just getting better. I go to school and am in the senior 3rd grade. I go to Sunday-school and church on Sunday when I am well. We have no pets but a dear little brother three years old, who is always in mischief. My oldest brother has been in bed more than nine months. We take the 'Witness' and I read the Children's Corner. Mother got four subcsribers for it ; we received the book, 'Reprinted Stories from the Northern Messenger.' It is very much liked by us all. Your little reader,

ESTHER S., aged 10.

Kolapore.

Dear Editor,—I have five sisters and one brother. I am in the third reader and I like going to school. I thought a great many of the letters were very nicely done. I thought some girl of my age would write to me. There is a little girl of six lives not far from me ; she thinks the 'Messenger' is a fine little paper.

ZELLA G. S., aged 10.

Dear Editor,—I got three new subscribers this year and got a knife and like it very much. We had a concert in our school house this winter. I go to school when it is not too stormy. Our teacher's name is Miss Brown. I have one sister and one brother, both too young to go to school.

BELL, aged 7.

Langley Prairie, B.C.

Dear Editor,—We live nine miles from a town, and three and a half miles from a post office. I am the baby in our family. I go to school with my brother.

SARAH A. A. (aged 13.)

Haydon.

Dear Editor,—This is my first attempt to write a letter. I am nine years old, and I am in the second book, and my teacher's name is Miss Campbell. We have taken the 'Northern Messenger' for years, and I always read the Little Folks' page, and the Correspondence first. It is nice here in the summer. There is a pond near our house and woods near by, so we can get the spring violets early.

F. E. PEARL.

Victoria, B.C.

Dear Editor,—I live in Victoria, and we are having spring. All the wild flowers are coming out. On Thursday when Ladysmith was relieved, all the school boys marched in the parade, they marched well, too. They started from the City Hall, and marched all through town. The stores were decorated with flags, and red, white and blue. The streets were crowded with people watching the parade; they had Kruger on a stick, and all the children were laughing with joy. That night they had two large bon-fires on Beacon hill, and Kruger was burnt, at eight o'clock. He was stuffed and covered with fire-crackers. He made such a noise when he was burning. that every body cheered, and the band played Rule Britannia, and then played God Save the Queen, and it was all over.

KATIE J. (aged 11.)

Riverfield, Que.

Dear Editor,—I go to school every day, and to Sunday-school once a month in winter. I am in the fourth grade. Our teacher's name is Miss Cameron. I like her well. I have not travelled much, but I have been to Smith's Falls, in Ont., and to Montreal, and while I was there, I visited the 'Witness' office in which I have a friend working. I am fourteen years old. My birthday is on the 7th of July. I saw a letter in the 'Messenger' from a little girl stating that her birthday was on the same day as mine.

MABEL M.

HOUSEHOLD.

A Family Ailment.

It was not among people of mean and vicious lives that this strange disease showed itself, but in a family born to ease and refinement, and scholarly habits of thought. A clergyman's family, noted for their active piety—the father a keen logician, the mother a leader in church work, the daughter and son energetic members of many charitable and civic organizations for the betterment of the degraded classes.

The old doctor, coming up to the city to spend the day with his old classmate, saw the symptoms of this disorder at the breakfast table. There was no smiling greeting, no morning kiss from the children. Dr. X. gave a curt nod as wife and children entered, which was returned in kind.

The sun shone brilliantly, the roses outside smiled joyously in at the windows. The old doctor spoke of them as he would of children who brought him a welcome. The family stared at him with amused contempt.

'I believe the chambermaid takes care of the flowers,' said Mrs. X. severely. 'Life is too busy and serious a thing for me to spend it in growing posies.'

The family all had a talent for unpleasant sarcasm. Dr. X. was noted among his brethren for satire in debate that stung like a poisoned lash. His children each flourished such a little whip, and used it incessantly upon each other. No matter how petty the occasion, the gibe was ready.

John had just come home from the barber, who had cut his hair too short. Father, mother and sister jeered at him until the young man flushed with anger, and he looked an oath if he did not speak it.

Jane had read a paper before the girls' church guild the previous night. The family secretly were proud of it, but each one now had some scathing comment to make on it. The leading articles in the morning paper, Dr. X.'s dyspepsia, his wife's cap, the steak, every subject or thing brought to notice, was attacked with this dry, bitter wit.

The old doctor looked from one refined, intelligent face to the other. 'They are like a nest of hornets let loose,' he thought. 'Is there nothing better for them to do than to sting?'

These people at heart were loyal; they would have given their lives for each other; but to gratify the poor vanity of making a bitter jest, they made home life sour and mean and hard.

The old doctor did not spend the day. He made an excuse and hurried out of the house. He shook his head as he looked back at it.

'It's a common disease, though it has no name,' he said to himself; 'but there's none harder to cure and none that does such deadly work to body and soul.—'The Household.'

To Get Rid of Stains.

Here is a list which housekeepers should paste up where it would be ready when the query comes: 'Oh, dear, what is it that takes out mildew stains or peach stains? I've read it somewhere, but I can't remember to save my life.' For fresh tea or coffee stains use boiling water. Place the linen stained over a large bowl and pour through it boiling water from the tea kettle, held at a height to insure force. Old tea and coffee stains, which have become 'set,' should be soaked in cold water first, then boiling.

For peach stains a weak solution of chloride of lime, combined with infinite patience. Long soaking is an essential.

Grass stains may be removed by cream of tartar and water.

For scorch, hang or spread the article in the sunshine. For mildew, lemon juice and sunshine, or if obstinate, dissolve one tablespoonful of chloride of lime in four quarts of cold water and soak the article until mildew disappears. Rinse very thoroughly, to avoid any chemical action upon the linen.

For blood stains, use cold water first, then soap and water. Hot water sets the stain.

For chocolate stains use cold water first, then boiling water from the teakettle.

Fruit stains will usually yield to boiling water; but if not, oxalic acid may be used, allowing three ounces of the crystal to one pint of water. Wet the stain with the solution, place over a kettle of hot water in the steam or in the sunshine. The instant the stain disappears, rinse well; wet the stain with ammonia to counteract the acid remaining. Then rinse thoroughly again. This will many times save the linen, which is apt to be injured by the oxalic acid. Javelle water is excellent for almost any white goods. It can be made at home or bought at any drug store.—'Pres. Banner.'

Frightening Children.

Little Arthur, while visiting his grandmamma, came screaming from the yard where he was playing and throwing himself into grandmamma's arms, sobbed out: 'Please, don't let him have me, grandmamma.'

'What do you mean, dear? What has frightened you so?' and grandmamma held the quivering child closer to her bosom, fearing he would go into spasms with fright.

'Oh, grandmamma, the old black dog has come for me; mamma said he would if I was bad, and I broke your plate this morning. Oh, don't let him take me, please don't.'

'No, no, darling, he shan't have you; I will hold you tight. Where is he?'

'Out in the yard, quite close to me when I ran to you.'

'Well, we will shut the doors and keep him out, and then you can come to the window and show him to me.'

Arthur suffered himself to be led to the window, but the sight of the small black dog running around the yard renewed his terror, and grandma had to quiet him by assuring him again and again that the dog could not get in while the doors were shut.

After he had slept off some of the effects of his fright, and the dog had been driven out of sight, grandmamma tried to undo the evil wrought by his thoughtless young mother by telling Arthur the dog was too small to carry off such a big three-year-old boy. But it was several days before his nervousness wore away enough to allow him to enjoy a play in the yard unless someone went with him to keep off the black dog.

How many children, like little Arthur, suffer from the dread of bugbears of every kind that can be imagined by their thoughtless mothers and nurses! Their nerves are injured, and, what is far worse, they lose the sweet faith and trust which is childhood's heritage as soon as they learn they they have been deceived. Would it not be much better to return their loving confidence at any cost? It may take more time and trouble to secure obedience by firm and loving discipline, yet it is much better for both child and parent.—'Christian Observer.'

A Stitch in Time.

The weekly mending is always so much of a bore that the happy thought of applying the old adage, 'a stitch in time,' to this dreaded task, has set me wondering why I have allowed myself to be troubled so long. Upon my dressing table I keep in a little tray a needle, thread and some darning cotton. Every night when I remove my stockings, I look them over—a glance suffices—and I find the little holes that begin to come vastly easier to mend than the yawning caverns that would otherwise be awaiting me on Tuesday. And so it is with other things. Sewing on a button or catching together a tiny rip here and there takes scarcely a minute, but the sum total of these rips and buttons would make a large inroad upon one precious week-day morning, otherwise.—N. E. 'Homestead.'

Selected Recipes.

Maple Sugar Tea Biscuit.—One quart of sifted flour, one teaspoonful of salt, three rounding teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one large tablespoonful butter; milk to make a very soft dough. Sift the flour, salt and baking powder together, work in butter and add milk. Put on moulding slab and pat out with rolling pin. Spread with maple sugar, either the moist kind or the cakes scraped; roll up like jelly roll and cut the biscuits from the end. Bake and serve hot, and eat with butter.

Stuffed Spanish Onions. — Boil six medium size onions for about an hour. When done take the onions from the fire and with a sharp-pointed knife cut a piece from the centre of each and stuff with the following mixture. One tablespoonful of butter, two of finely chopped ham, three of bread crumbs, salt and a little pepper. Sprinkle bread crumbs over the top and put a small piece of butter on each onion. Bake slowly for one hour. Serve with cream sauce.

Creamed Peas.—Drain and rinse a can of peas with cold water; stew fifteen minutes in a little hot water. Heat two tablespoonfuls of butter in a frying pan, thicken with one tablespoonful of flour, add one half cupful of corn and stir constantly until it thickens. Now add the peas and one teaspoonful of granulated sugar.

Cream of Peas Soup.—Cover two cupfuls of peas with cold water, cook until tender. Rub half the peas through a sieve. Scald one half pint of milk. Rub one tablespoonful of butter and one of flour together. Add the floured butter and milk to the strained peas. When the soup thickens add a cupful of cream, the remainder of the peas, pepper and salt.

Stew of Lamb with Peas.—The neck of a lamb may be used for this dish. The meat should be cut into pieces and sufficient water added to cover it, cook until tender, skimming. Drain the liquid from the peas, add a little cream and also a little piece of floured butter, season with pepper, add to the lamb. Simmer a moment, serve immediately. For a dainty breakfast dish, shape slices of bread with a biscuit cutter, toast, spread with butter, place a poached or baked egg on each and pour the stewed and well seasoned peas around. Peas are often used to garnish chicken cutlets, and are also served with lamb chops, lamb fritters, etc. Peas are delicious used with a plain breakfast omelet as recommended above for tomatoes.

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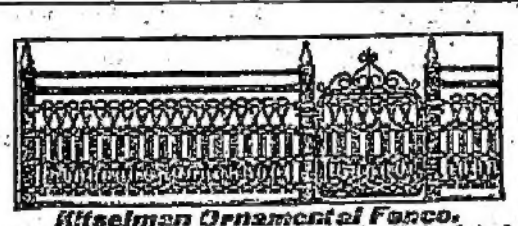

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